

personality in black

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the porch, he heard queer sounds inside. On looking through the window, he saw the He-thing making a large square shiny thing go across the floor, back and forth, back and forth. Peter was entranced and jumped down to play too. However, once he was on the floor, the thing was much bigger than he had thought, and he retired behind the couch to watch its actions.

It swish-swashed across the floor and each time it came near Peter made a dab at it with his paw, but without much success. He almost felt jealous of it, but decided it was not alive and that the He-thing did not enjoy making it go very much. The She-thing was making noises in the kitchen. He smelled soap and warm water. Nothing interesting there he decided, and returned to the window to think things over. The Place had a strange slightly shining look about it, and the parts where the square things had been were slippery. He summed up the activities of the Things and the general appearance of the Place and came to the conclusion that it could only mean one thing. More Things were coming. He hated it when other Things came to the Place especially if he had never smelted them before. They bothered him with attentions, and he preferred to make up his own mind about them. He liked He-things for that reason, as they usually left him alone. Sometimes the She-things would do so and he often found them very nice, even nice enough to make up to.

Peter landed on the porch and went down the stairs, out of the alley, and onto the street, where he sat down near the Stately Elm outside the house and smelled, carefully. Peter lived in a City of Stately Elms, though he did not know it, so that he was not aware that he was sitting under a Stately Elm. The strong light that went before the noisy smelly things of the street threw him into silhouette as they passed, but Peter did not notice them. He was much too used to them. The Things of the street did not even notice Peter sitting there, one piece of blackness against the shadowed tree.

One scent made Peter alert. Other persons, one, two, three, no, four! A she-person, and she had the scent that had always thrown his blood into a tumult! That was why the other persons were around her! Peter decided to join them, to see what was happening. They were very near his own territory anyway.

He had not gone very far before he recognized the she-person to be the same who had come into his garden only a little while back and had wanted to play. Peter had been too hungry at the time to play and had chased her out just as he chased all persons that came into his ground. Now Peter settled down to watch and found the sight stirring old memories. The Toms would snarl and spit at each other if one or the other got too near the she-person. The she-person pretended she was not interested in anything but washing her pretty face. She was very demure and graceful, Peter could see, and he thought that she was very nice, if you were interested in women and liked the type. She was a grey tiger with a small touch of white on her chest and on the tip of her tail. She had little white paws too. From the condition of her coat Peter could see that she came of good family and owned good Things.

Peter did not know that she had scented him, and was very surprised when, as she came near, she suddenly sprang and made a terrific stroke at him. He instinctively drew back and she only caught him just above the left eye, taking a long piece of skin and fur with her. Peter snarlingly met the onslaught of the Toms who were delighted to do the She-person's bidding and owing to his greater bulk managed to escape with only a few small scratches. He went back to his alley and made himself very disagreeable to the party as they passed. None ventured to leave the she-person and challenge him.

When he returned to his Place his She-thing made many sorrowing noises and gave him some warm milk, which pleased him greatly, but he had to go out to the porch to escape the attentions of the other Things that had arrived during his absence. He sat in his favorite spot, the corner of the landing of the stairs, where he could watch the alley and the street.

At last the Things left the Place and there was much noise and excitement. After they had all gone his two Things and one other, who smelled much like his own She-thing and always made much noise, who also used to tease him a lot, came out and turned up the street. Peter followed like a black shadow, glad to have a walk, and as they turned off the street onto the path that led through the grass and trees Peter gave a happy cry and galloped ahead of them. He stopped to roll over on the sandy path, happy to be with them, and happy to be out at night in this exciting place.

They left the Graveyard and crossed the street. Peter followed faithfully. He did not know where they were going, but knew that they always came back to his Place and he knew that when he got tired they would carry him. He twice met cats whom he had to warn to leave him alone. Once he had to run from a person who would not even allow anyone to pass his property, and the She-thing had to pick him up while the He-thing drove off the owner with a stone. Why they wouldn't let him stay and fight he didn't know. When they reached the Place of the other she-thing (the one who smelled so much like his own She-thing), Peter turned into grounds of the Place, for he smelled other persons there. He found that there were three persons all owning the garden together, and he found also that they united against any newcomer. Peter retreated hurriedly and was glad to answer the He-thing who was calling him.

Peter was quite tired by the time they reached the Graveyard again, for it had been an exciting evening. He didn't want to be carried, though, for he was so near home, and he trotted tiredly behind his Things as they strolled slowly on.

When at last they reached the Place Peter thankfully curled up on the couch to revive his lost energies with a short cat-nap.

Beaverbrook Collection
Contains Many
Historical Documents

New students at the University will be interested to learn that our Chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook has entrusted part of his valuable collection of books and manuscripts to the care of the University Library and that some of the items are at present on display in the Historical Documents Room.

One of the most interesting manuscripts on display is a letter from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. There are letters as well in the handwriting of famous British writers such as Dickens, Thackeray, Kipling and Stevenson, and letters also by British and American statesmen such as William Pitt and Thomas Jefferson.

In addition to the manuscripts are many valuable first editions of works such as the Pickwick Papers, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby and Vanity Fair, all of which were first published in separate pamphlets in a sort of serial form.

There are also some interesting and valuable presentation copies of works by Churchill and Roosevelt inscribed by their authors to Lord Beaverbrook.

Lord Beaverbrook's interest in the history of New Brunswick can be seen in various important and rare books and pamphlets on the early history of the province which will be of real value to students doing work in the history of the Maritimes.

Students are invited to visit the Historical Documents Room on the second floor of the Library and inspect these valuable and interesting exhibits at their leisure.

Program Review

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Quintet in F Minor
Mainacht
WAGNER - Excerpts from Die Walkure
DVORAK - Slavonic Dance No. 2
TSCHAIKOWSKY - Ballet Waltz from Swan Lake

IMPRESSIONISM

DEBUSSY - Reflets dans L'eau

MODERN MUSIC

STRAVINSKY - Suite No. 2 - Ragtime
SHOSTAKOVITCH - Second Movement of Symphony No. 1
BRITTEN - Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra

LOST

Brown zipper briefcase initialed W. D. M. from car by Tart's on Sunday night, October 3rd. Finder please contact Wally Macaulay, Residence. UNB.

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CBC Wednesday Night

Continued from Page (3)

Puccini's La Boheme the series of four operas climbs to a swift conclusion with the production of Mozart's Don Giovanni. This series marks the beginning of popular Canadian opera, and, since radio is many Canadians' only contact with the outside world, it is not surprising that the initial step should be taken by the CBC.

The finest entertainment of the season will undoubtedly be provided by recordings of outstanding performances at this year's Edinburgh Festival. Among the orchestras and artists to be heard are the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, The Glasgow Orpheus Choir, and Yehudi Menuhin. The CBC also promises to repeat last season's performances of Benjamin Britten's Les Illuminations, the prose of Rimbaud set to music, and Serenade, a suite in eight parts based on poems. We have heard too little of Britten in Canada, and hope that CBC in launching their cultural campaign will not be moved by caution to avoid such contemporary modern music.

XMAS PHOTOS

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